

all deference to so great a name, this must be set down as one of the many absurd sayings of famous men. There are always some who despair of progress, and who frown upon all experiments, however judicious. Some doctors will kill or cure only with the old drugs; some religionists are wedded to the old forms and hackneyed phrases,

"Hollow creed and ceremonial
From which the ancient life has fled;"

some politicians cling to the dear old abuse because it has come down from their fathers. Copernicus and his new astronomy, Columbus and his new geography, Jenner and his vaccination, Harvey and his circulation of the blood, Stephenson and his locomotive, all in their turn have had to fight their battle with this "Old King Clog," the god of the timid, the superstitious and the lazy. Nevertheless "King Jog," as Mackay calls him, generally wins the battle at last:

"King Clog was a mighty monarch,
He sat on his lofty seat,
With his golden crown, and his ermine down,
And his courtiers at his feet.
His power seemed firm as the mountains—
Inert, but strong was he;
And he ruled the land with a heavy hand
And a placid tyranny.
And whenever a boon was asked him,
He stared with a calm amaze,
And said, 'Ye foolish people,
Ye must stand on the ancient ways.'

"And he folded his arms on his bosom,
And slept and never heard
The measured beat of the trampling feet,
And the oft repeated word
That came from the solemn conclave
Of the people, met to plan
Some better laws, to aid the cause
Of the happiness of man:
Nor the voices loud resounding,
Like waves upon the shore,
That proclaimed to the listening nations
That Clog should rule no more.

"But Jog, the next successor,
Who understood his time,
Stepp'd on the throne,—'Father, begone;
To linger is a crime.
Go to thy bed and slumber,
And leave the world to me;
Thy mission's done; thy race is run—
I'm ruler of the free.'
So Clog retired obdient,
And Jog, his son, was crown'd,
We hope he'll govern better;—
And so the world goes round."

Thus notwithstanding the dictum of the Great lexicographer, I hope you will take the side of King Jog rather than of King Clog. Be-

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